

Murder will Out:

Being a Relation of the Late

Earl of Essex's Ghost

Appearing to my Lord Chancellor in the TOWER.

Chanc. **W**Hat means this thick ill-scented Mist? What Noise is that? Who's there? Ah! Lightning, and at this Cold Season! Confusion! What's that I see? Bless me! I shall learn to Pray if this continues! Heavens! A Man in my Chamber at this time of Night! I am lost! undone! 'tis my Executioner! Speak what! what want'st thou? Stay, sure I should know that Face, pale as it is! See! he approaches! he beckons! alight me this time, Hell and Impudence! I'll stand, since I am prepar'd for the worst that Fate can offer! Ha! by that Razor it must be he, 'tis *Essex*! See! he knows his Name! he comes up! Speak! speak! VVhat wilt thou?

Ghost. Yes, 'tis I, the most Unfortunate *Essex*! VVell, restless *Sisyphus*, will thy unbounded Malice ne're have an end? Thou hast bin the common troubler of Mankind all thy Life; and now thou art contriving a Legacy, which, like *Pandora's Box*, will leave them all in a fresh confusion at thy Death.

Ch. Your Ghostship takes a Liberty which your Lordship would have forbore: But why *Sisyphus*, pray Sir? have I, like him, roul'd my Stone in vain? Shall one little misfortune blait the Glory of all my former Triumphs? Have my Projects been useless, or my Malice ineffectual? VVhy, this very Minute am I upon a design shall not only re-purchase my lost Liberty and Honors, but, like the Gordian Knot, shall puzzle the wisest of their Heads to unfold it.

Ch. Horror and Confusion! Thou mak'st me, though a Ghost, tremble at thy Prodigious Impudence. Are not thy Eyes then, Curs'd wretch, already satisfied with thy yet reaking *Western Cruelties*, nor thy Ears tired with the hollow Groans of the Fatherless and VViddows? Could not thy boundless swelling Thoughts of false vain Glory, fix in the Enjoyment of Riches and Honors, without thy Prodigious Contrivances to disturb the Peace of all the *Christian World*? VVhat would'st thou have, or whether would'st thou tend? hast thou no remorse for thy poor Oppressed Country, nor care for thy own future welfare? VVill neither past Examples, nor present Dangers warn thee of the miserable Estate of those who serve the ends of wicked Men? Look here wretch, (*showing him his Throat*) and tremble at the Fate of those, who have forsaken God, Conscience, and Reason to lay the bloody Foundation of an unstable Glory: Remember *Essex*, wretch, remember *Essex*.

Ch. This Advice, my Lord, runs very contrary at least to all the latter Transactions of your Life. Is it possible then that the Grave can have such a strong Operation upon a Mans Fancy, and in so little a time alter his Opinion? You Dy'd, with Submission to your Lordship, in the general

Opinion, more apprehensive of a shameful Punishment, than penitent for your objected Crimes.

Ch. VVhat! dar'st thou then mock my Misery? Art thou alone of all the Kingdom ignorant of the bloody Circumstances of my Death? Tremble, and think what *Thou* may'st yet endure. Beware those means thou usest for thy Safety, prove not thy utmost Danger. I fondly Dreamt, Confession and Discovery would melt the Sword of Justice into Mercy: But ah! that Charm that lull'd the wrath of my Offended Master, waken'd the Fears and Malice of my more powerful Foes! An *Irish* Russian, and a dread Command, soon let me know my Error. Fear and Repentance are not safe to be trusted with a Prince's Secrets! Nop had *Coleman* bin ventur'd to the place of Execution, but that they found a way to send him off between *Jest* and *Earnest*.

Ch. I must confess, under the *Rose*, my Lord, 'twas generally whisper'd, more Hands than your own were employ'd to sign your Pass; but as the Circumstances of Time and Persons are altered, I have reason to hope for better success. My Crimes are indeed every way Superiour, and my designs more Barbarous; I have had Murders, Fellons, and Treasons as my Bosom Friends! I have Laught and Ridiculed all fear of God; and to my Ambition and Covetousness, have, without the least remorse, Sacrificed the Laws and Liberties of my Native Country; nay, being not content with the present fraud and oppression I encouraged, I have, (oh-Prodigie!) endeavour'd to entail *Slavery* and *Papery* on the Kingdom for ever. 'Twas I alone could swear the reaking Circumstances of our Young *Perkin*; 'twas I alone promoted and set up that *Antichristian Court of Ecclesiastical Commission*, to scourge the Clergy and Harass the People; 'twas I alone could resolve all the known Ancient, fixt and Fundamental Laws of the Kingdom into the Arbitrary will of the *King*: You may talk of *Irish* Russians, and *French* Dragons, *Popish Conspiracies*, and *Private Assassins*, I think I have bid as fair for my Honor and Cause as any of them; If that Puny Ratcal that burnt a Heathenish Temple at *Ephesus*, could hope to be fam'd to Posterity, what may not I expect, that have already sorely shaken and endeavour'd the final destruction of the Church of God! I have out-done *Nero* or *Ravilliac*, *Jacques Clement*, or *Massaniello*.

He was running on in an extravagant Description of his Cruelties and VVickedness, had not the *Ghost*, with a frown full of Horror, (being as it seem'd displeas'd with his proceedings) put a stop to his discourse, and being about to make answer, the *Cock Crew*, at which the *Ghost* seem'd affrighted, and without saying more, than *Remember Essex*, it vanished.